Peace Candidates Did Well in California, P. 3

So LBJ Still Won't Let Them Say Plainly That We'll Negotiate With The NLF

"There was one important gap in Goldberg's speech [Catholic University, June 5]. Some people hoped that he would end the murkiness over the U.S. attitude toward Viet Cong participation in any peace talks. The Vice-President, the Secretary of State and others have previously been cleared to make veiled comments suggesting that we will talk with the Viet Cong. Humphrey and Goldberg wanted to end the doubletalk and say simply 'any and all combatants' can come to the peace table. . . . Goldberg's speech . . . was conspicuously silent on the subject."

—Carl Rowan, Chicago Daily News, June 9. Rowan as former head of USIA and pro-Administration columnist, has access to inner White House circles.

I. F. Stone's Weekly

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How Many More Vietnams Can We Handle?

Two *Saturday Evening Post* writers have just come back from the mountains of Guatemala. "You think you have a big problem in Vietnam," a guerrilla leader who calls himself Tito told them, "Wait until the Marines come to Guatemala." * In two more years the guerrillas expect to be ready. "We think your government will intervene here just as they did in 1954," Tito said. "But we will win because all the peasants are with us." There are guerrillas who talk this way in Peru and Colombia, where we already supply helicopters and napalm for use against them. The poverty-stricken Northeast of Brazil is among the other places in the hemisphere where guerrilla uprisings may some day make their appearance. What are we going to do about them? Are we automatically to go to war against them? How many Vietnams can we fight at once? "We must find an alternative to wars of attrition," says an editorial in *Air Force/Space Digest* for June, "if we are to be able to cope with a succession of Vietnams in various parts of the globe, conceivably more than one at a time." Or it is we who will be worn down.

No Need To Wait For The Second Coming

I have found that the objectives of American foreign policy are widely understood, respected and supported.
—Secretary Rusk at Council on Foreign Relations, May 24.

I don't know of any subject on which the American public has been more informed than Vietnam.
—Secretary Rusk at the White House, June 11.

Secretary of State Rusk told a House subcommittee yesterday there is no cause for pessimism on the outlook for NATO. *—AP in Washington Post, June 14.*

The Same Old Body Count

Much of what the *Post* writers report from Guatemala sounds familiar after Vietnam. They visited a mountain hamlet raided by the Guatemalan army. The soldiers killed 14 hostages and "left their bodies to rot" in the mountains. "The army told the government that those killed were guerrillas," explained Turcios [another guerrilla leader]. "They didn't kill any guerrillas, but instead they made everybody here a guerrilla." This mistreatment of the peasants is how it all began under Diem. Since the CIA engineered the revolt that overthrew Arbenz in Guatemala in 1954 and replaced him with a military dictatorship, we have given Guatemala $170,000,000 in economic aid and we have been spending almost $2,000,000 a year on its army. A rigged election under a rigged Constitution has now restored a semblance of democracy weak enough to satisfy the army. But a U.S. official there told the *Post* writers the situation was "the most critical in the hemisphere."

We'd like to supplement the SEP story with some background. So long as Guatemala was ruled by a military dictator who played ball with U.S. interests, we didn't care what else he did. General Ubico, who stayed in power from 1931 to 1944, was the Batista of Guatemala. When a democratically elected successor, a military man named Col. Arbenz, moved to take some of the idle lands of United Fruit in a moderate agrarian reform program, he ran into trouble. John Foster Dulles raised a Red scare against Arbenz, and mobilized some of the same cast of characters now operating on Vietnam. Henry Cabot Lodge was then our Ambassador to the United Nations and manfully fought off Guatemala's attempt to appeal to the UN. Lyndon B. Johnson, then minority leader, put the Democrats behind Dulles and the CIA with a Senate resolution "affirming the Monroe Doctrine." After Arbenz was overthrown, the new government restored the United Fruit Company land, and rescinded the agrarian reform. Thus the hemisphere was made for free enterprise again.

The bill coming due for the CIA's success may be a heavy one. Its triumph merely smothered discontent. Now it is bursting out again. "We are going to start the fight," the *Post* writers heard a guerrilla leader tell a village audience, "by taking the land from the rich landholders, and we are going to give you the land to cultivate." A similar appeal has made the Mekong delta a stronghold of Vietnamese rebellion for a quarter century against French and U.S. troops alike.

In a pamphlet defending the military assistance program,

(*Continued on Page Four*)

* **The Undeclared War in Guatemala, SEP, June 18.**

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Portrait of A U.S. General Personally "Zapping" The Viet Cong

By Nicholas Tomalin

After a light lunch last Wednesday, General James F. Hollingsworth, of the U.S. "Big Red I" division, took off in his personal helicopter and killed more Vietnamese than any of the troops he was commanding. The story of the General's feat begins in his divisional office, at Di-Na, twenty miles north of Saigon, where a Medical Corps Colonel is telling me that when they collect enemy casualties they find themselves with more than four injured civilians for every wounded Vietcong—unavoidable in this kind of war.

The General has a big, real American face, reminiscent of every movie general you have ever seen. He comes from Texas and is 48. His present rank is Brigadier-General, Assistant Division Commander, 1st Infantry.

Charlie Returning

"Our mission today," says the General, "is to push those goddam VCs right off Routes 13 and 16. Now you see Routes 13 and 16 running North from Saigon toward the town of Phuoc Vinh where we keep our artillery. When we got here first we prettied up those roads, and cleared Charlie Cong right out so we could run our supplies up. I guess we've been hither and whither with all our operations since, an' the ol' VC he's reckoned he could creep back. He's been putting out propaganda he's going to interdict our right of passage along those routes. So this day we aim to zapp him, and zapp him, and zapp him again till we've zapped him right back where he came from."

The General's UH 18 helicopter carries two pilots, two 60-calibre machine gunners, and his aide Dennis Gillman, an apple-cheeked subaltern from California. The General sits at the helicopter's open door, knees apart, his tiny black toecaps jutting out into space, rolls a filtertip cigarette to-and-fro in his teeth and thinks. "Put me down at battalion HQ," he calls to the pilot. "There's sniper fire reported on choppers in that area, General."

"Goddam the snipers, just put me down."

Battalion HQ at the moment is a defoliated area of four acres packed with tents, personnel carriers, helicopters and milling GI's. We settle into crushed grass. The General leaps out and strides through his troops.

"Why General, excuse us, we didn't expect you here," says a sweating major.

"You killed any Cong yet?"

"Well no General, I guess he's just too scared of us today. Down the road apiece we've hit trouble, a bulldozer's fallen through a bridge, and trucks coming through a village knocked the canopy off a Buddhist pagoda. Saigon radioed us to repair that temple before proceeding—in the way of civic action, General. That put us back an hour."

Back through the crushed grass to the helicopter. "I don't know how you think about the war. The way I see it, I'm just like any other company boss, gingering up the boys all the time, except I don't make money. I just kill people, and save lives." A plume of white rises in the midst of dense tropical forest with a "Bird Dog" spotter plane in attendance. Route 16 is to the right; beyond it a large settlement of red-tiled houses.

"Strike coming in sir."

Two F-105 jets appear over the horizon in formation, split, then one passes over the smoke, dropping a trail of silver fish-shaped canisters. After four seconds silence, light orange fire explodes in patches along an area fifty yards wide by three-quarters of a mile long. Napalm.

"Aaaah," cried the General. "Nice, Nice. Very neat. Come in low, lets see who's left down there."

"How do you know for sure the Viet Cong snipers were in that strip you burned?"

"We don't. The smoke position was a guess. That's why we zapp the whole forest."

I point at a paddy field less than a half mile away full of peasants.

"That's different son, we know they're genuine."

The pilot shouts: "General half right, two running for the bush."

"I see them. Down, down, goddam you."

In one movement he yanks his M-16 off the hanger, slams in a clip of cartridges and leans right out of the door, hanging on his seatbelt to fire one long burst in the general direction of the bush.

"But General how do you know those aren't just frightened peasants?"

"Running like that? Don't give me a pain."

We circle now above a single-story building made of dried reeds. The first burst of fire tears open the roof, shatters one wall into fragments of scattered straw and blasts the farmyard full of chickens into dismembered feathers. "Zapp, Zapp, Zapp," cries the General. He is now using semi-automatic fire, the carbine bucking in his hands, "gas bomb."

Lieutenant Gillman leans his canister out of the door. As the pilot calls, he drops it. An explosion of white vapor spreads across the wood a full hundred yards downwind.

"Jesus wept, lootenant, that's no good."

Lieutenant Gillman clambers across me to get the second gas bomb. This bomb explodes perfectly beside the house, covering it with vapor. "There's nothing alive in there," says the General, "or they'd be skedaddling. Yes there is, by golly."

For the first time I too see the running figure, bobbing and sprinting across the farmyard toward a clump of trees dressed in black pajamas. No hat, no shoes.

"Now hit the tree."

We circle five times. Branches drop off the tree, leaves fly, its trunk is enveloped with dust and tracer flares. Gillman offers me his gun. No thanks.

"Red Flag" in Each Hand

Then a man runs from the tree, in each hand a bright red flag which he waves desperately above his head. "Stop, stop, he's quit," shouts the General, knocking the machine gun so tracers erupt into the sky. The figure walks toward us. "That's a Cong for sure," cries the General in triumph and with one deft movement grabs the man's short black hair and yanks him aboard. The prisoner falls across Lt. Gillman and into the seat beside me. The red flags I spotted from the air are his hands, bathed solidly in blood. Further blood is pouring from under his shirt, over his trousers. Now we are safely in the air again. Our captive cannot be more thas 16 years old, his head comes just about up to the white name patch—Hollingsworth—on the General's chest. He is dazed, in shock, his eyes calmly look first at the General, then at the Lieutenant, then at me. He resembles a tiny, fine-boned wild animal. He is quivering.

"Radio base for an ambulance. Get the information officer with a camera. I want this Commie bastard alive till we get back . . . just stay with us till we talk to you, baby." The General pokes with his carbine first at the prisoner's cheek to keep his head upright, then at the base of his shirt. "Look at that now," he said turning to me "You still thinking about innocent peasants? Look at that weaponry."

A Set of VC Songs

Around the prisoner's waist is a webbing belt with four clips of ammunition, a water bottle (without stopper), a tiny roll of bandages and a propaganda leaflet which later turns out to be a set of Vietcong songs.

Lt. Gillman looks concerned. "Its OK, you're OK," he mouths at the prisoner, who at that moment turns to me and with a surprisingly vigorous gesture waves his arm at my seat. He wants to lie down. By the time I have fastened myself into yet another seat we are back at the landing pad. Ambulance orderlies come aboard, administer morphine, and rip open his shirt. Obviously a burst of fire has shattered his right arm up at the shoulder. The cut shirt now allows a large bulge of blue-red tissue to fall forward, its surface streaked with white nerve fibres and chips of bone (how did he ever manage to wave that arm in surrender?).

When the ambulance has driven off, the General gets us all posed around the nose of the chopper for a group photograph like a gang of successful fishermen. He is euphoric. "Jeez I'm so glad you was along, that worked out just dandy. I've been written up time and time again back in the states for shootin' up VCs, but no one's been along with me like you before." He gives me the Vietcong's bottle as a souvenir. "That's a Chicom bottle, that one. All the way from Peking."

Later that evening the General calls me to his office to tell me that the prisoner had to have his arm amputated, and is now in the hands of the Vietnamese authorities, as regulations dictate. Before he went under, he told the General's interpreters that he was part of a hard core regular VC company whose mission was to mine Route 16, cut it up, and fire at helicopters. The General is magnamimous in his victory over my squeamish civilian worries. "I'll say perhaps your English generals wouldn't think my way of war is too conventional, would they?

"There's no better way to fight then goin' out to shoot VCs. And there's nothing I love better than killin' Cong. No sir."

—London Sunday Times, June 5.

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New Politics Group, and Three Big City Mayors, Link Peace to Need at Home

Peace Candidates Made A Remarkable Showing in California

You'd hardly guess it from newspaper coverage, but peace candidiates did extraordinarily well in the recent California Democratic primaries. Robert Scheer in the 7th District and Philip Drath in the 1st got 45% of the vote while Edward Keating, publisher of *Ramparts* magazine, polled 47.6% in the 11th and Stanley Sheinbaum over 40% in the 13th. Scheer, running as a radical candidate on economic issues as well as foreign policy, carried Berkeley and the Negro section of Oakland against the liberal Cohelan.

What Their Pressure Did

To meet Scheer's challenge, Cohelan put a distance between himself and the Johnson position on the war. In the First district, the Quaker carpenter Drath forced the winner, Thomas Storer, a popular Marin county lawyer to come out for direct negotiations with the Viet Cong and a cease-fire, to be policed by the Geneva powers. Three anti-war Congressmen, Burton, Edwards and Brown had no difficulty being renominated in the 5th, 9th and 29th. Earlier two peace candidates won the Democratic nomination elsewhere, Charles Porter in the 4th district of Oregon and Joseph Varon in the 10th of Florida. These results should hearten support of peace candidates in other areas.

It is to aid such candidates that a group of well-known liberals and radicals, of both the Old and New Left, last week formed a National Conference for New Politics. Essentially this represents a coalition of peace workers with civil rights and anti-poverty forces. It will not be a membership organization. According to its announcement, it will "concentrate primarily on supplying funds and personnel, and gathering and funnelling research information and political campaign techniques to the candidates it endorses." As a first step it plans a series of summer workshops in campaign techniques. It is co-chaired by Julian Bond, who might be described as of—but not in—the Georgia House of Representatives, and Simon Casady, past president of the California Democratic Council. The philosophy of the new organization is best expressed by this paragraph from its statement of purpose:

This new politics is built by people who demand that our nation fulfil its pledge to abolish racial discrimination and poverty; who understand the necessity of ending the Cold War and American military intervention abroad, and creating world disarmament and a decent relationship with societies undertaking revolutionary change; who want to end the depletion of our resources by the ever-growing military budget and use our enormous productive capacity for meeting the staggering social needs that led to Watts, for ending the public squalor that disfigures our cities, our suburbs and our countryside and for building a good society at home and abroad.

These idealistic goals, which would normally be dismissed as pie-in-the-sky, are rapidly becoming central and urgent concerns. The day the National Conference for New Politics held its initial press conference in New York, the Mayors of New York, Detroit and Boston expressed remarkably parallel views on *Meet The Press*. Mayor Cavanaugh of Boston stressed increased effort for peace in order to divert the "$30 million a day" spent in Vietnam to "the war on poverty, urban renewal and civil rights." Mayor Collins of Boston said he "completely concurred." Mayor Lindsay of New York declared that if the demonstration cities act now pending in Congress should fail "because of the priority pressures of Vietnam, it would be, I think, a national disaster." New York's Mayor predicted as much trouble at home as abroad unless the problem of the urban slum was met. "Unless we can establish civilizations that are progressive and peaceful here at home," was Mayor Lindsay's memorable summation, "we are not going to do it anywhere else."

ADA Opposes More Troops For Vietnam

"Despite the obvious breakup of authority in South Vietnam, an unrepresentative South Vietnamese regime, the continuing destruction of Vietnamese resources for national rebuilding and despite the increasing danger of a major power confrontation in Southeast Asia, the U.S. government is reported to be on the verge of sending another 100,000 men to South Vietnam. We oppose this as reckless, foolhardy and destructive of the hope for peace and self-determination for the Vietnamese people. We urge a cessation of bombing of North Vietnam and a de-escalation of the war in the South."

—ADA National Board, June 12.

Supreme Court Finally Vindicates A Labor Leader Hounded by HUAC

The unanimous decision of the Supreme Court in the Gojack case is another defeat for the Un-American Activities Committee. It shows the court disposed to construe all rules strictly against the Committee in order to avoid upholding the contempt convictions of recalcitrant witnesses, but still reluctant to rule against the Committee on broader grounds. The Gojack case is an especially sleazy example of this sleazy committee's operations.

Mr. Gojack was Michigan-Indiana district president of the United Electrical Workers in 1955 when it was getting ready for an NLRB election in the Magnavox plant at Ft. Wayne, Ind. The head of the company wrote his Congressman who in turn wrote to the House Committee. It furnished Magnavox with Mr. Gojack's dossier as a radical. The supply of such records for smear purposes is still one of HUAC's main undercover functions. HUAC also scheduled a hearing in Ft. Wayne, subpoenaed Gojack and released a flood of unfavorable publicity on the eve of the voting. "All of us," said the late Chairman Walter when Mr. Gojack finally appeared, "are interested in seeing your union go out of business. The labor leader answered certain questions but declined on First amendment grounds to answer others which would have put him in the position, in those McCarthyite days, of being a political informer.

Mr. Gojack's first conviction was thrown out by the Court four years ago, with Harlan and Clark dissenting, on the ground that the indictment was defective. He was retried, and the new conviction is again thrown out. This time Harlan and Clark agreed. Mr. Justice Fortas ruled for the Court that the Committee failed properly to authorize the investigation. Black concurring, regretted that the Court had not taken the position he urged in the Barenblatt case and held the Committee's witch-hunting in violation of the First Amendment.

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McNamara's One Concrete Suggestion Is Universal Military Service

(*Continued from Page One*)

ostensibly for the use of high school debaters, the Defense Department argues that military assistance enables us "to communicate to the military sector in developing nations a clear concept of the part it can and should play in a democratic society." Like Castelo Branco in Brazil, for example? Or Ky? The Pentagon pamphlet says military assistance enables us to bring 10,000 foreign military students here a year, "the coming leaders of their nation." Some may look to their own people like U.S. trained oppressors. Others may turn against us; the two leaders of the Guatemalan guerrillas are military men who went through the U.S. Infantry School at Ft. Benning, Ga. Or the people at home may not like the gifts we send back with them. When a plane appeared overhead and the *Post* writers failed quickly to hide, a guerrilla jeered at them, "You wanna get cooked by your own napalm." There is a limit to the triumphs of technology. Even Canutes armed with napalm may not forever quench the tides.

Toward A Garrison State

We wish Secretary McNamara would take time off from improving his image by quoting St. Augustine and T. S. Eliot and give us the benefit of his thinking on these problems. In his speech at Montreal he opposed the idea of having the U.S. act as "a global gendarme" but that has been the spirit of our policy ever since the Truman Doctrine. Indeed the Defense Department quotes Truman as the ultimate source for the military assistance program under which (it boasts) we have given arms to 80 nations—no less! The Pentagon's clinching argument for military assistance in high school debates is that in the absence of these satellite foreign armies we would have to police the world ourselves and that "would prevent many high school students from going on to college." McNamara said at Montreal that "the decisive factor for a nation already adequately armed is the character of its relationship to the world." It is this relationship which needs changing. Must we put down popular rebellions wherever they occur? If it takes a million men to win the Vietnamese war, how many more will we need if the bell rings in Guatemala or Brazil? The one concrete proposal to appear amid the soothing liberal generalizations in McNamara's Montreal speech was a call for universal military service. We'll need it if the present policy continues. Even a wholly militarized America will not prove strong enough in the long run to impose its will on a rising sea of discontent.

Toward Equal Justice

Mr. Justice White was, of course, correct when he objected in the Miranda case that the history of the privilege against self-incrimination provides "no significant support" for the new rules laid down by Chief Justice Warren on police interrogation. The majority opinion put new meaning into old formulas, but it can hardly be denied that it was in accord with the spirit of the privilege and of the Fifth amendment. The new decision marks a noble step forward toward equal justice. The Negro, the Puerto Rican, the poorer elements of our society, are the ones which have been victimized by back-room police interrogation. It is indicative that Police Chief Parker of Los Angeles had already protested against the idea that police could not use a confession unless they first proved that "the defendant was apprised of his constitutional guarantees of silence and legal counsel and that he intelligently waived these guarantees." This is exactly what the Court has ruled. Arthur Krock in the New York Times (June 14) reflected the views of the country club set when he protested that this would "put immunity from punishment for crime on a wholesale basis." This is hysterical. The decision does little more than put into law the best police practice here and abroad. Indeed the practice often degenerates into hollow formula. The ACLU is right in urging a stronger rule, allowing interrogation only in the presence of counsel. The way to civilize the human jungle in our urban slums is to set a civilized example, not to give sick human animals an inner sense of justification by making them feel there is one law for the rich and white, another for the poor and colored. One way to cut down crime is to cut down this resentment. The Chief Justice has set-up another landmark in the law. It reflects the same compassionate insight which gave us the Brown decision.

We also applaud the Court's decision giving literacy in Spanish equal weight with literacy in English in voting requirements. A nation of nations could do no less for its many citizens of Hispanic origin.

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